

## Turn/Rose

### Fractures

The colours run, the dyes connect, they bleed into others  
The image forms, it paints a scene, we can't move forward  
A feeling comes, the pulse subsides, we turn into rubble  
So reconstruct what there were once was, and I'll pay for it

Say what you wish, not sure what it accomplishes  
Paint an image indistinct, from what we're caught in  
What was said's nothing but some poor reflection of us  
Can't help but think the signal's weak  
Thank you for your time  
Keep my mind off, keep in mind  
Keep in mind that what was perfect wore  
Down to something formless

Maybe a relief was coming  
Tension underneath now nothing  
It was all that it could be, all that it could be

We're uncovered aren't we  
Were aligned but then it shifts  
We lose our grip

No ill will on my part  
I hang on to sentiment  
Don't want to forget

I concede we were muddled  
But you could see where the colour was  
When it breathed it seemed so safe

Though it seems just another unfortunate ending  
I contest that it wasn't worthless like we left it

And it was singular, and we were drawn through some attraction  
And we were elements, and we combined, and we combined  
There was a tenderness, though it defied our interaction  
We weren't pretending when, the light was low, we were alone